Danielle Griffey

September 7, 2010

Writing Narrative

The Child

Throughout middle and high school I had a bit of a love affair with writing poetry. Being an adolescent I felt like I had more to say than anyone would care to listen to, so I turned instead to myself and my notebook. I found writing my thoughts and feeling to be a cathartic experience that helped me deal with the typical dramas of my teenage years. I often found myself running into my room in search of a pen and paper—any tiny little scrap of paper. Though I had written many papers and poems for school assignments, I found a sense of peace in my personal teenage rantings. It was through one of these poems that I truly developed a sense of myself as well as a sentimental piece of work that will remain ingrained in my heart and mind for the rest of my life.

As I rarely thought out my poems in advance, but instead wrote down whatever rhymes flew into my mind, I had little control over the lyrics that came over me one day during my sophomore Geometry class. Now, typically, I would have been all eyes and ears in a math class, as it is certainly not one of my strong suits. However, for some reason, I understood nearly everything Mr. Wilson wrote on the chalk board and assigned in our daily homework. So, I frequently found myself daydreaming during this particular point of the day.

Looking back through my overflowing binder of juvenile poems, I am surprised that I do not have the original copy of this particular poem, as most of the others have years worn into their creases and corners, and penciled in dates fading away with time. While I no longer recall the specific date I wrote this, I remember well that it was a fall day. The leaves outside the building were beginning to change colors and fall, and the bulletin boards in nearly every classroom donned some type of autumnal motif. While having a little heart to heart with Traci, one of my best friends all through school, about an argument I had had the night before with my boyfriend, it hit me. I had to stop in mid-sentence and grab my paper and pencil. The words swirled around my brain and I frantically wrote as many of them down as my hand would allow. I do not think I got them out exactly as they came to me because my hand could not react nearly as quickly as my head produced them.

Though it came in a rush, I felt very good about the words I blurted onto the page. They seemed to be just what I needed to get over the spat my boyfriend and I had the previous evening. The poem was about a girl that felt she had put everything she could into a relationship and failed to meet the expectations that come from the other side. Being the kind of person that wishes only to make others happy she was devastated to find that her attempts were to no avail. Full of questions, she tries to figure out why he does not love her back, but comes to the realization that though it may still hurt now, she will eventually get though it and be a stronger person because of it. The events in the poem were not exactly the same as my own experience, but in writing about a child, who turns out to not be so naïve after all, I was able to realize that even though my boyfriend and I will surely have our fights, I will be okay regardless of the outcome.

My love affair with writing has since lost some of its luster, but I will never forget this particular poem. In writing “The Child” I found that I could write something with meaning, if only for myself. My confidence as a writer has been boosted because I feel like I can accurately express myself on paper. It may not be a masterpiece, but because of it I have more confidence in my writing ability as well as my survivability. Having found my voice through my poems, I am now able to translate that into writing assignments as well as any necessary writing outside of school.